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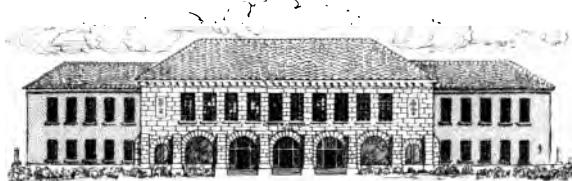
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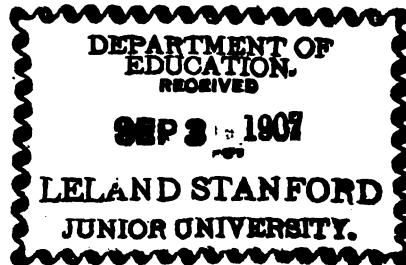
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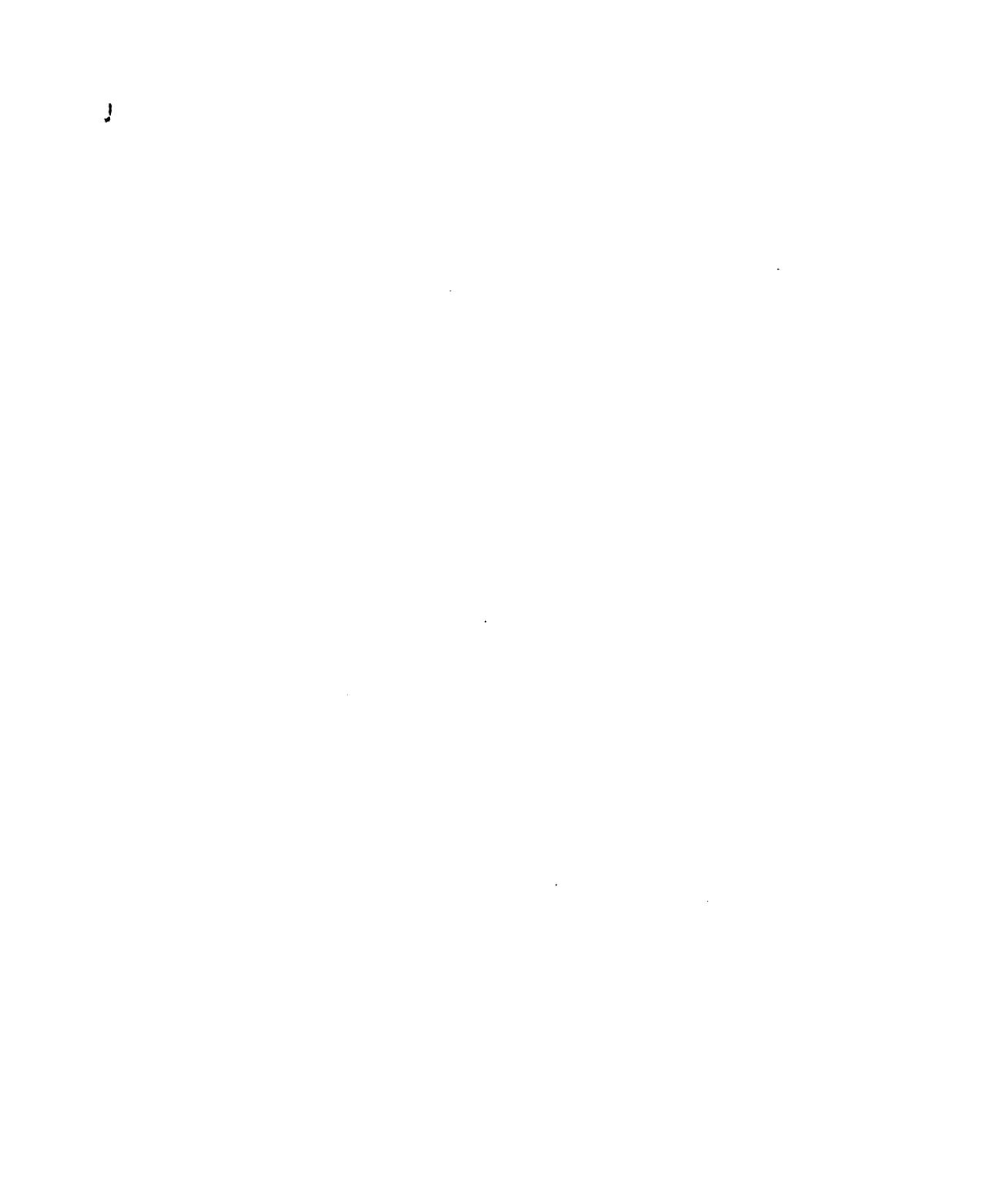
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The
Art-Literature Readers
—
Book One



The Art-Literature Readers

Book One

BY
EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER
Author of "The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer"



ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER
CHICAGO BOSTON

C

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Della Robbia

BAMBINO

*I know a baby, such a baby,—
Round blue eyes and cheeks of pink,
Such an elbow furrowed with dimples,
Such a wrist where creases sink!*

—Christina G. Rossetti.



CAROLINE

PLAY TIME.

“How many days has baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.”

Louise Cox

WHAT BABY DOES.

What does Baby do on Sunday?

Baby sings and sings to Dolly.

What does Baby do on Monday?

Baby washes Dolly's clothes.

What does Baby do on Tuesday?

Baby irons Dolly's clothes.

What does Baby do on Wednesday?

Baby makes a cake for Dolly.

What does Baby do on Thursday?

Baby goes to walk with Dolly.

What does Baby do on Friday?

Baby makes a dress for Dolly.

What does Baby do on Saturday?

Baby plays all day with Dolly.

What does Baby do on Sunday?

Baby sings and sings to Dolly.

GOOD-MORNING.

Good-morning, good-morning.

It is time to get up.

The birds are singing.

The sun is shining.

The sun has been up a long time.

It is high in the sky.

My little dog is up. My kitten is up.

They will not let me sleep. So I must
get up.

I think my kitten is hungry.

My little dog is hungry, too. I know he is.

He is always hungry.

I must give them their breakfast.

Then I shall have my breakfast.

I shall give them some bread and milk.

They like bread and milk.

I like bread and milk, too.

We shall all have bread and milk for
our breakfast.



Photo by J. C. Leyendecker for the Saturday Evening Post

FAMILY CARES.

Barnes



WHICH DO YOU LIKE?

Holmes

WHICH DO YOU LIKE?

Here we are, my little dogs, my pussy-cat
and I.

We have just had our breakfast.

We have all had some bread and milk.

My dogs are pretty.

Do you not think so?

My cat does not think they are pretty.

She does not like them.

She does not want me to like my dogs.
But I cannot help liking them.
I like my cat, too.
Yes, I like them all.
They are all so good.
Now, I want you to tell me something.
If you could have one of my dogs which
one would you like?
Would you like little White Face, or
would you like little Black Face?
I will give you the one you like.
But you must be very, very good to him.
You must give him bread and milk to eat.
You must give him all he wants.
Dogs are always hungry.
You must run with him.
You must play with him.
Dogs like to run and play.
Now which do you want, little Black Face
or little White Face?

THE BIG CLOCK.

I want to tell you something.

I want to tell you about our clock.

It is a very big clock.

I think it is a very queer clock.

It says, "Tick-tock, tick-tock," all day long.

Our clock has a big white face.

It has two black hands.

Every morning it says, "One, two, three,
four, five, six, seven."

Then I have to get up.

It will not let me sleep.

Every evening it says, "One, two, three,
four, five, six, seven."

Then I have to go to bed.

I wonder how it knows just when
I should get up.

I wonder how it knows just when
I should go to bed.

It is a very queer clock.



"WANT TO SEE THE WHEELS GO ROUND?"

Goodman

I wonder why our clock says “Tick-tock”
all the time. . .

I will find out.

I will look inside.

Oh, oh! what a long, long arm.

The arm swings and swings.

I wonder what makes the big arm swing.

Will it never, never stop?

I see some little wheels.

They are way up high.

They are behind the big white face.

They go round and round.

They do not stop.

I think they make the big arm swing.

I like to see the wheels go round.

I like to hear the big clock talk.

It says “Tick-tock, tick-tock” all day long.

It tells little girls when to get up.

It tells little girls when to go to bed.

Yes, it is a very queer clock.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

I know a story about a clock.
It is about a little mouse, too.
My mother told it to me.
Do you want to hear it?
I will tell it to you. It is this:
“Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck *one*,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.”
I think the little mouse wanted to see
the wheels go round.
So he ran up to the big white face.
Just then the clock struck *one*.
The little mouse was frightened.
He ran down very fast.
I think he will never, never run up the
clock again.
He was very, very frightened.

THE CLOCK MAKERS.

I know another story.

It is about a beautiful white cat.

It is about one, two, three, four, five
little kittens.

It is about a clock.

The clock was a pretty clock, but it
would not go.

It never said “Tick-tock, tick-tock.”

It never struck *one*.

No, it never struck at all.

The big arm would not swing.

The hands would not move.

The pretty clock stood on a table in a
big house.

The beautiful white cat and the five
little kittens lived in the big house.

The kittens wanted to hear the clock talk.

They wanted to see the big arm swing.

So what do you think they did?



THE CLOCK MAKERS.

Ronner

What do you think the five kittens did?
They said, "We will fix the clock.

We know how to fix it.

We will make it say, Tick-tock.

We will make the big arm swing.

Come, mother, help us fix the pretty
clock."

Then they all jumped up on the table.
One little kitten opened the door of the
clock.

One little kitten moved the hands.

One little kitten said, "I will fix the big
arm. See me make it swing."

And one little kitten said,

"I will make the wheels go round.

I like to see the wheels go round."

Just then something happened.

The pretty clock began to strike.

It struck one, two, three, four, five,
six, seven, eight.

The clock struck and struck and struck.
The kittens thought it would never stop.
They were very frightened.
They jumped down from the table.
They ran into a corner.
They hid behind a big chair.
But the clock kept on striking.
It struck one, two, three, four, five,
six, seven, eight.
The kittens ran into another corner.
They hid behind another chair.
Then they ran into another corner.
They said, "What has happened to the
clock?
What have we done to our pretty clock?
Will it never, never stop striking?"
At last it did stop striking.
But it would not say, Tick-tock.
The hands would not move.
The pretty clock would not go.

The beautiful white mother cat said,
“The clock only wants to frighten you.
It does not want you to fix it.
It does not want to go.
Some clocks do not like to work.
This is a pretty clock but it is very lazy.
I hope my kittens will never be lazy.
I hope they will always like to work
and to play.”

MOTHER'S RIDDLE.

Mother has a kitten,
Mother has a mouse,
Mother has a bird that sings
All about the house,
Mother has a lammie,
Mother has a chick;
All together have but two feet.
Guess my riddle quick!

—*Laura E. Richards.*



KITTENS PLAYING

Ronner

PUSSY-CAT.

“Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.”

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Once there was a dog.

He was a lazy dog.

He was a selfish dog, too.

Do you want to know what he did one day?

I will tell you.

The day was very warm.

The dog was very sleepy.

He did not want to sleep in the sunshine.

So he went into a big barn.

He jumped up on some hay in a manger.

Soon he was fast asleep.

At last an ox came into the barn.

He had been working in the meadow.

He had been working in the warm sun
all day.

The ox was very tired. He was hungry, too.

So he went to his manger for some hay,
but there was the dog.

He was asleep on the hay in the manger.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Douglas

The dog barked and barked at the ox.
He would not let the ox eat any of the hay.
The dog did not want to eat it.
He only liked to sleep on it.
The tired ox did want to eat the hay.
He liked hay and he was hungry.
Do you not think the dog was very selfish?

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one ax,
What a great ax that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!
And if the great man took the great ax,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a great splash that would be!

—*An Old Rhyme.*



THE FARMYARD

Roll

Baby wants his breakfast,
 Oh! what shall I do?
Said the cow, "I'll give him
 Nice fresh milk—moo-oo!"
Then the bonny baby
 Laughed and laughed away;
That was all the "Thank you"
 He knew how to say.

—*Emilie Pousson*



LITTLE FRENCH BOYS IN SCHOOL

Geoffroy

FRENCH BOYS IN SCHOOL.

We are little French boys.

We live in France.

France is on the other side of the big ocean
from America.

We are in school now.

We are learning to read and write.

We read and write in French.

We talk in French, too.

We should like to tell you about our school.
Some of the boys are reading.
Some are writing and some are drawing
pictures.

One little boy is reading to the teacher.
She is helping him learn some hard words.

She is a kind teacher.

She has a very kind face.

Do you not think so?

One boy is going to his seat.

The teacher has been helping him.

He is saying the words over now.

He does not want to forget them.

Do these long seats look like the seats
in your school in America?

Would you like to go to school with us?

We wonder if you wear frocks like ours.

We wear these frocks until we are quite
big boys.

We have to work very hard in school.



LITTLE FRENCH GIRLS IN SCHOOL

Geoffroy

FRENCH GIRLS IN SCHOOL.

We are little French girls.

Our brothers have told you about their
school, so we want to tell you
something about our school.

Boys and girls do not go to the same school
in France.

The boys go to one school and the girls
go to another school.

We all wear little white caps.

Our teacher wears a pretty cap, too.

We wear pretty white collars and big
wooden shoes.

Our teacher is hearing five of us read now.

We have only two books to read from.

When we are larger we shall each have
a book.

Two little girls are sitting at our teacher's
right side.

They are sitting on a little seat.

They have no books at all.

This is their first day in school.

They do not know what to do.

They cannot read.

They cannot write.

And they must not play.

Some day they will read and write as well
as we do.

Then they will like to go to school.

LATE TO SCHOOL.

I know a little French girl.

This is her picture.

She likes to run. She likes to play.

But she does not like to go to school.

I think she is a lazy little girl.

She is on her way to school now.

She has her book in her hand.

She has her basket on her arm.

But she does not look happy.

She has played too long.

She will be late to school.

She is wondering what her teacher
will say.

I think her teacher will say,

“A dillar, a dollar,

A ten o’clock scholar.

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o’clock.

And now you come at noon.”



THE LITTLE SCHOLAR

Bouguereau



RING-A-RING-A-ROUNDER

Dvörak

THE MULBERRY BUSH.

“As we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
As we go round the mulberry bush,

 So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes;
This is the way we wash our clothes,

 All of a Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes;
This is the way we iron our clothes,

 All of a Tuesday morning.”

“This is the way we scrub our floor,
Scrub our floor, scrub our floor;
This is the way we scrub our floor,
All of a Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes,
Mend our clothes, mend our clothes;
This is the way we mend our clothes,
All of a Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,
Sweep the house, sweep the house;
This is the way we sweep the house,
All of a Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,
Bake our bread, bake our bread;
This is the way we bake our bread,
All of a Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
Go to church, go to church,
This is the way we go to church,
All of a Sunday morning.”

ABOUT THE LAST PICTURE

There are one, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight children in the last picture.

There are seven little girls and one little boy.

The little boy has short hair.

He wears very short white socks and he
has no hat on.

It is a beautiful morning in the picture.

The grass is green.

The sun is shining and I think the
birds are singing.

The children are happy.

They are playing a pretty game.

I can almost hear them laugh.

What a good time they are having!

They are saying,

“As we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
As we go round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.”

RUTH IN THE GARDEN.

Once there was a little girl.

She had big brown eyes.

She had beautiful brown hair.

Her name was Ruth.

Ruth had a pretty gray kitten.

And she had a little black and white dog.

One morning they were playing in the
garden and what do you think they saw?

They saw two very queer things.

One could jump and the other could run.

The little dog said, "Bow-wow!"

The pretty kitten said, "Meow, meow!"

Ruth said, "Oh, oh! What are you?

What do you want?

Have you come to play with us?

Will you hurt us?

We will be good to you if you will be
good to us.

Please stay and play with us."



RUTH

Barber



FRIENDS OR FOES

Barber

THE BEETLE AND THE TOAD.

Here is Ruth.

Here is her black and white dog.

Here is her pretty gray kitten.

And here are the two queer things.

One is a beetle and the other is a toad.

A man has painted a picture of them all.

The man's name is Mr. Barber.

HOW THE PICTURE WAS PAINTED.

When Mr. Barber painted this picture
he must have been on the other side
of the garden.

I think he saw Ruth and the dog and the
kitten come into the garden.

I think he saw the toad and the beetle
come into the garden.

He saw them look at each other.

He heard Ruth say, "Oh, oh! what are you?
Have you come to play with us?"

Then I think Mr. Barber painted his
picture very fast.

He painted the sunshine on Ruth's
brown hair.

He painted the sunshine on her pretty
hands. He painted the doorstep.

He painted the green leaves.

He painted even the water-pot.

He put them all into this beautiful picture.

RUTH IN THE CORNER.

One morning when Ruth was eating her breakfast her little dog came running to her.

He was barking very hard.

“He wants some of my breakfast,” thought Ruth. “He likes bread and milk. I will give him some.”

Then she set her bowl of bread and milk on the floor.

Now the bowl was very pretty.

It was one of her mother’s best bowls.

Ruth’s mother had told her never to let the dog eat from it.

But Ruth had forgotten.

She loved her dog and she wanted him to have the best of everything.

The dog did not think about the bowl.

He thought only about the bread and milk and began to eat it very fast.



IN DISGRACE.

Barber

Soon the bread and milk was all gone.
Then what do you think the dog did?
He put his feet right into the bowl and
broke it. Yes, he broke the pretty bowl.
Then Ruth sat on her high chair in the
corner and thought and thought.
The dog sat down on the floor in the
corner and thought and thought.
Ruth wished she had not forgotten what
her mother had told her.
The dog wished Ruth had not forgotten.
Ruth was sorry for the dog.
The dog was sorry for Ruth.
Ruth's mother was sorry for them both.
“I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by,
When mother says, ‘Do this,’ or ‘that,’
She says, ‘What for?’ and ‘Why?’
She'd be a better child by far,
If she would say, ‘I'll try.’”

RUTH AND THE BLÍND MAN.

I will tell you something more about Ruth.

I will tell you about her little pug dog.

Ruth had two dogs.

One was the black and white dog.

The other was a pug dog.

One day Ruth said to her pug dog,

“I am going to walk, Pug.

Do you want to go with me?”

Then Pug jumped up and down and said,

“Bow-wow, bow-wow!”

Ruth knew that he wanted to say,

“Oh, yes! oh, yes!”

It was a cold day, so Ruth put on her
warm coat.

She put on her pretty hat and she took
her little muff.

Pug wore a collar with bells and a ribbon
on it.

Pug was very happy and so was Ruth.



A MUTE APPEAL

Barber

While Ruth and Pug were walking
whom do you think they met?
They met a man who could not see.
He was a poor blind man.
He could not work.
But he had a good dog who worked for him.
Every morning the blind man put a little
basket on his dog's collar.
He took his cane and they went to walk.

Ruth and Pug met the blind man and his
dog this cold, cold morning.

The dog looked up into Ruth's face.
He lifted one foot and he barked very softly.
Ruth knew that the dog was trying to say,
"Good-morning, little girl.

Will you give me some money for my
master?

My master is blind. He cannot work.

We are very poor.

We have little to eat and we are often cold.

Will you please put some money in my
basket?"

Ruth's mother had given her some money
to buy candy.

Ruth liked candy and Pug liked candy, too.
But Ruth put all the money into the dog's
basket.

She did not want any candy when the
blind man was so poor.

A LITTLE PRINCE.

I am a little prince.

I am called Baby Stuart.

My father is a great King.

My mother is a beautiful Queen.

Some day I shall be a King.

I have a big brother and three sisters.

We have fine dogs and beautiful horses.

We have everything we want.

There is a man who likes to come to see us.

He is an artist.

His name is Anthony Van Dyck.

He likes to paint pictures of us.

He likes to paint pictures of my father
and mother, too.

He painted this picture of me.

He always wants us to put on our best
dresses and stand up straight.

We should like to have him paint our pictures
if he would let us play.



BABY STUART

Van Dyck

If I were a Queen,
What would I do?
I'd make you a King,
And I'd wait on you.

If I were a King,
What would I do?
I'd make you a Queen,
For I'd marry you.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

THE RABBIT'S STORY.

I am a rabbit.

These are my five baby rabbits.

Would you like to know how we dress?

Would you like to know what we do?

Sometimes we wear brown and gray coats.

Sometimes we wear beautiful white coats.

Our ears are very long.

Our tails are very short.

We live in the side of this hill.

I am sitting in the door of my house now.

My baby rabbits are playing in the sunshine.

We do not go far from home in the daytime.

We are afraid of the dogs and the farmers.

But when night comes we run everywhere.

We run to the farmers' gardens.

We eat all the good things we can find.

Then we run home again.

No one sees us but the man in the moon
and he never tells.



AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

Carter



CHILDREN SAILING THEIR BOAT

Israels

THE LITTLE BOAT.

Here are four little Dutch children.
They are playing by the seashore.
They are sailing their boat on the big ocean.
Three of the children are wading in the
water.

The baby is afraid to wade in the water
so his big sister is carrying him.
She is carrying him on her back.

The baby seems just a little afraid even now.
One of the little girls is afraid, too.
She is taking hold of her sister's dress.
They are all watching the little boat.
The wind is blowing on the sail.
The children do not want their boat
 to sail out to sea.
It would get lost in the big waves.
Big boats can sail on the sea.
They can ride right over the waves.
There are three sailboats way out on
 the ocean.
The wind is carrying them away very fast.
I wonder where they are going.
I cannot see any land.
There is water, water everywhere.
 “Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the pleasant land.”

OUR STORY.

We are two Dutch dogs.

We live in a big city in Holland.

Our master works very hard and we work
hard to help him.

We draw this big cart all day.

We never have time to play.

Sometimes we draw wood in the cart.

Sometimes we draw big cans of milk.

Sometimes we draw sand.

Just now our cart is full of white sand.

Our master got it from the seashore.

He is going to sell the sand.

His basket is on the ground.

We are waiting for our master to come.

The big stones hurt our feet and we are
very tired.

The sky is covered with clouds.

It looks as if it would rain soon.

But we must keep on working.



DOGS HAULING SAND.

Van der Meulen

TWO KITTENS.

This is my pretty kitten.

My mother calls us her “Two Kittens.”

We run and play all day.

My kitten wants to go everywhere I go.

She tries to do everything I do.

I have just been picking some flowers.

My kitten has been trying to help me.

She bites the flowers off with her teeth.

Then she brings the flowers to me.

She is a queer little kitten but I like her.

This is what I say about her:

“I like little pussy,

Her coat is so warm,

And if I don’t hurt her

She’ll do me no harm;

So I’ll not pull her tail,

Nor drive her away,

But pussy and I

Very gently will play.”



TWO KITTENS

Munier

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

Good-morning, boys and girls.

I am a little English girl.

They call me "The Strawberry Girl."

I live in England. You live in America.

England is on the other side of the ocean
from America.

It is very, very far away.

If you should come to see me you would have
to ride on a big steamer a whole week.

My home is not far from Holland.

It is not far from France.

Dutch children live in Holland.

French children live in France.

And English children live in England.

Dutch boys and girls talk Dutch.

French boys and girls talk French.

But English boys and girls talk English
just as you do.

We could have good times playing together.



THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

Reynolds

HOW MY PICTURE WAS PAINTED.

I want to tell you something.

I want to tell you why I am called
“The Strawberry Girl.”

One day I went out into the woods.

I wanted to pick some strawberries,
so I took my little basket.

I picked and picked till my basket was full.

Then I started to go home, but I heard a
big man say, “Good-morning, little girl.

I should like to paint your picture.

You will make a beautiful picture.

Please stand right there by that big tree.”

The man was very kind and smiled at me.

So I stood very still.

He painted fast.

Then he said, “Now run home, little girl.

But come to the woods to-morrow.

Bring your basket and help me to paint
our picture.”

I went to the woods every day for a week.
At last the picture was done.
The man called it “The Strawberry Girl”
because I had a basket of strawberries
on my arm.
The man’s name was Sir Joshua Reynolds.
He was a great artist.
He liked to paint pictures of little girls.
I liked to have him paint my picture.
And I like the name he gave to me.

THE WORLD’S MUSIC.

The world’s a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.
This world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

—*Gabriel Setoun.*



Greuze
COUNTESS MOLLIEN AS A CHILD

THE LOVABLE CHILD.

Frisky as a lambkin,

Busy as a bee,—

That's the kind of little girl

People like to see.

Happy as a robin,

Gentle as a dove,—

That's the kind of little girl

Every one will love.

—*Emilie Pousson*

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

Once there was a little girl who had
beautiful curls.

Her name was Edith Longfellow.

Edith tried to be a good little girl.

But it was very hard to be good all of the
time and one day she was naughty.

What do you think Edith's father said to her?

He said, "Listen, Edith.

There was a little girl,

And she had a little curl,

Right in the middle of her forehead.

When she was good

She was very, very good,

But when she was bad she was horrid."

Then Edith said, "I have a little curl
in the middle of my forehead.

I must be that bad little girl.

I never will be naughty again.

I do not want to be horrid."

ABOUT ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL.

This is not a picture of Edith Longfellow.

But it is a picture of a little girl who

“Had a little curl,

Right in the middle of her forehead.”

She is a beautiful little girl.

I do not think she ever was naughty.

How beautiful her hands and arms are!

How prettily her white dress falls over her
little bare feet!

I am sure her eyes and hair are brown.

The sun is just going down behind the trees.

It is almost evening.

The little girl has been playing hard.

Now she is resting under the big trees.

In a moment she will run home.

Sir Joshua Reynolds saw her under the trees
and painted this picture of her.

He painted the picture of “The Strawberry
Girl,” too.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Reynolds



Jacque

THE SHEEP
“Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.”

ABOUT THE PICTURE.

1. What do you see first in this picture?
2. I see a baby boy feeding a big sheep.
1. What do you see next in the picture?
2. I see the baby's mother.

Then I see a great many sheep
and the bright sunshine.

1. Where are the sheep?
2. They are in a barn yard.
1. What color are the sheep?
2. Most of the sheep are white, but two of
them are black and white.
1. Do you see any little lambs?
2. Yes, I see one little white lamb.
1. Where is the little boy standing?
2. He is standing in the doorway.
1. What do you think the woman is
going to do?
2. I think she is going to drive the sheep to
pasture.

She has a long stick in her hand.



THREE KITTENS

Lambert

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
“O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.”

“Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”
“No, you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
“O mother dear,
See here, see here,
See! we have found our mittens.”

“Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.”
“Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.”

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
“O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.”

“Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!”

Then they began to sigh,

“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

Then they began to sigh,

“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

The three little kittens washed their mittens,

And hung them out to dry;

“O mother dear,

Do you not hear,

That we have washed our mittens?”

“Washed your mittens!

Oh, you’re good kittens.

But I smell a rat close by!”

“Hush, hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!

We smell a rat close by!

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!”

“When the cat is away

the mice will play.”

ABOUT HENRIETTE RONNER.

Once there was a little Dutch girl.

She lived in Holland.

Her name was Henriette.

Henriette wore a pretty white cap and big
wooden shoes like other little Dutch girls

Henriette's father was an artist and he
taught Henriette how to paint pictures.

But while she was still a little girl
her father grew blind.

He could not see to work or to paint.

They were very poor.

But Henriette said, "I will take care
of you, father.

I will paint pictures of cats and dogs.

I will paint them so well that people
will want to buy them.

Then we shall not be poor."

So Henriette painted and worked very hard.

And people did buy her pictures.

Henriette grew to be a woman.
She had little children to care for.
She had a sick husband, too.
So she had to keep on painting and working
very hard.
At last so many people came to buy her
pictures that she was not poor any more.
She is now a very old woman.
She still lives in Holland and she
still paints pictures.
Her full name is Henriette Ronner.
The picture on the next page was painted
by her.
It is called "Playful Kittens."
Henriette Ronner likes best to paint
pictures of cats and kittens.
She has had a little house made of glass
and wire for her cats, so she can watch
them at their play.
What happy kittens they must be!



PLAYFUL KITTENS

Ronner

PUSSY CAT GRAY.

Pussy Cat Gray,
Do you 'member the day
I harnessed you
And you ran away?

'Twas only fun,
Sweet Pussy Cat Gray!
You didn't mind it;
You knew it was play.

—*Elizabeth S. Tucker*

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

Once there was a little mouse that lived in
the city.

And once there was a little mouse that lived
in the country.

One day the city mouse went to visit the
country mouse.

The two mice ran and played till they
were hungry.

Then they went into the garden to find
something to eat.

They found all the seeds and corn they
wanted to eat.

And they found all the fresh water they
wanted to drink.

The country mouse thought this was enough
and he was very happy.

But the city mouse said, "Do you never
have anything but seeds and corn to eat?
Come to the city and visit me.
I live in a big house."

“I will show you what good things I have
to eat.”

So the two mice started for the city.

They ran straight to the fine big house
where the city mouse lived.

They found bread to eat.

They found cake to eat.

They found cheese to eat.

They found all kinds of good things.

“How fine this is!” thought the country
mouse. “I wish I lived in the city.”

But just then a man came into the room.

The little mice were very frightened.

They hid behind a big chair.

Soon the man went away and the mice
began eating again.

They had taken only one bite when a cat
and her kittens ran into the room.

How frightened the poor little country
mouse was!

“Good-by, my friend,” said the country mouse.

“I must be going home now.
I am afraid to stay here.
You have good things to eat.
And you have a fine house to live in.
But I am happy to have only corn
and seeds, for I never have anything
to frighten me.”

—*Aesop.*

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE.

The city mouse lives in a house;—

The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—

The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
Poor little timid, furry man.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*



A FASCINATING TALE

Ronner



SWALLOWS

Laux

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.



CRADLE SONG

Lauenstein

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE LITTLE ARTIST.

Once there was a little boy who had two
little sisters.

They were poor children.

But they were happy for they always found
something pleasant to do.

One morning just as they were going to
school a man came to their house.

The man was an artist.

He said to the children's father,

“Will you let me paint your picture?

Please sit by the table in your house.

I will paint you through the open door.

I will make a fine picture of you.”

The children saw the artist telling their
father to sit very still.

They saw the picture which he had begun
The little boy said, “I know how to paint
pictures.

I am a great artist. Just watch me!”



Meyer von Bremen

PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES

“I will put tall trees into my picture,”
said the little artist.
“I will put green grass into my picture.
I will put two little girls into my picture.
The big artist will be glad of my help.”
Then the little boy took the brush.
He put on so much paint that I am sure
the picture was spoiled.
But the children thought it was a beautiful
picture.

THE DEWDROP.

Little drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me, then, at night,
Are you in the sky?

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

THREE SHIPS.

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by—
I saw three ships come sailing by,
New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then—
Three pretty girls were in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning.

One could whistle, and another could sing,
And another could play on the violin.
Oh, which one then would you like to have
been,
New Year's Day in the morning?

—An Old English Rhyme.

THE PRETTY RESTING PLACE.

We are three little French girls.

We wear the same pretty caps that the
“French Girls in School” wore.

We wear pretty white collars and big
wooden shoes, too.

This is our flower stand.

We call it the Resting Place.

It is at one side of the street.

We have picked big white daisies and
many other flowers.

We have made them into pretty bouquets.

We have been working all the morning.

Now we are resting.

We should like to have you stop and rest, too.

We should like to have you look at our
flowers.

Perhaps you will buy some of them.

Perhaps you will give us some pennies.

We should like some pennies for the pretty
Resting Place, if you please.



FOR THE PRETTY RESTING PLACE, IF YOU PLEASE *Herland*

“Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.
Oh, care for the gardens,
Guard, guard them from weeds,
Fill, fill them with blossoms,
Kind words and good deeds.”

WHAT THE DANDELION DOES.

“Oh, dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?”

“I just wait here in the long green grass
Till the children come to play.”

“Oh, dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?”

“I wait and wait while the cool dew falls
And my hair grows long and white.”

“And what do you do when your hair
grows white,

And the children come to play?”

“They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away.”

1. Where do dandelions grow?
2. What are they good for?
3. What color are the blossoms?
4. What has happened to the dandelions
in this picture?



THE CANDLES

Carpentier

DOES MOTHER WANT ME?

Blow hard, little girl!

Blow one, two, three times.

Are there any hairs left on the dandelion's
head?

If there are, your mother wants you
to run home.

If there are not, you may stay and play.

Blow hard, little girl, blow hard!



THE WINDMILL

Ruysdael

BLOW, WIND, BLOW.

“Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.”

LITTLE RED HEN.

There was once a little hen who knew how
to make bread.

She was called Little Red Hen.

Little Red Hen was always very busy.

One day as she was scratching in a field
she found a grain of wheat.

“This wheat should be planted,” she said.

“I will see if I can find any one to do it.”

So that night in the barn yard Little
Red Hen said,

“Who will plant this grain of wheat?”

“I will not plant it,” said the cat.

“Nor I,” said the dog.

“Nor I,” said the pig.

“Then I will,” said Little Red Hen.

So she planted the wheat.

Soon it grew to be tall and yellow.

“The wheat is ripe,” said Little Red Hen.

“Who will cut it and thresh it?”

“I will not cut it and thresh it,” said the cat.

“Nor I,” said the dog.

“Nor I,” said the pig.

“Then I will,” said Little Red Hen.

So she cut it with her bill and she threshed
it with her wings.

Then she asked, “Who will take this wheat
to the mill?”

“I will not,” said the dog.

“Nor I,” said the cat.

“Nor I,” said the pig.

“Then I will,” said Little Red Hen.

So she took the wheat to the mill and had
it ground into flour.

“Who will make some bread of this flour?”
asked Little Red Hen.

“I will not,” said the dog.

“Nor I,” said the cat.

“Nor I,” said the pig.

“Then I will,” said Little Red Hen.

Little Red Hen made and baked the bread.
Then she said, "Who will eat this bread?"
"I will do that," said the dog.
"And I will," said the cat.
"And I will," said the pig.
"To be sure you would if you could,"
said Little Red Hen.

"But my chickens and I are going to eat
this nice bread."

Then she called her chickens and they had
a fine supper.

THE WIND.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads

The wind is passing by.

—Christina G. Rosetti.

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—From the German.



THE LITTLE NURSE

Meyer von Bremen



LITTLE BO-PEEP

Aris

“Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can’t tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they’ll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
 Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her
 heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them."

ABOUT THE PICTURE.

How many little pictures do you see in this
 big picture?

Which little picture do you like best?

Tell why you like it best.

Which do you like next to the best?

What is the little girl's name?

Tell the story about little Bo-peep.

What makes the bright spots all over
 the picture?

Why are there so many shadows in the
 picture?

The next time you go to the woods on a
 sunshiny day see if it does not look very
 much like this picture.



EVENING PRAYER

Munier

A HYMN.

“Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.”



THREE MEMBERS OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY *Herring*

HOW GOOD THIS WATER TASTES!

“I am a gentleman’s horse,” says the black horse. “He has been riding me all day. How good this water tastes!”

“I am a little girl’s horse,” says the white horse. “She has been driving me all day.”

“I am a farmer’s horse,” says the brown horse. “I have been working in the field all day. Oh, how good this water tastes!”

RUNAWAY BROOK.

“Stop, stop, pretty water!”

Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

“You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

“But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—*Eliza Lee Follen.*



BY THE BROOK

Meyer von Bremen

COME HITHER, SWEET ROBIN.

It is a cold morning.

I must give the chickens and the robins
some bread crumbs to eat.

I must give my rabbit something to eat, too.
I know they are all hungry.

“Come hither, sweet Robin,
And not be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come hither, sweet Robin,
And pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don’t mean to frighten you,
Poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty,
And drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs,
And don’t mind me.”



ROBIN REDBREAST

Munier

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD.

Once upon a time there was a little girl.
She was the prettiest little girl ever seen.
And she was as good as she was pretty.
Her mother loved her very much, but her
grandmother loved her even more.
Her grandmother made her a pretty red cap.
That is why everyone called her
“Little Red Ridinghood.”
One day her mother said, “Your grandmother
is sick, Little Red Ridinghood.
Please take this cake and butter to her.”
So little Red Ridinghood started at once for
her grandmother’s house.
Going through the wood she met a wolf.
Now the wolf wanted to eat this pretty little
girl right away, but he was afraid of some
men who were working not far off.
So he said, “Good-morning, Little Red
Ridinghood.
Where are you going this fine morning?”



LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD

Ferrrier

“I am going to see my grandmother who is sick,” said Little Red Ridinghood.

“I am taking her a cake and some butter.”

“Does she live far away?” asked the wolf.

“She lives on the other side of the wood, in the first house you come to,” said Little Red Ridinghood, who was not at all afraid of the wolf.

“I am going to see her, too, said the wolf.”

“I shall go this way and you go that way. We shall see who will get there first.”

Then the wolf ran very fast.

Little Red Ridinghood stopped to pick flowers and to run after butterflies.

So of course the wolf got to the grandmother’s house first.

He knocked on the door,—tap, tap!

“Who is there?” asked the grandmother.

“It is Little Red Ridinghood,” said the wolf, trying to speak like a little girl.

“I have a cake and some butter for you.”

“Pull the door-string and come in,” said the grandmother.

The wolf pulled the string and in a moment he had eaten the grandmother all up.

Then he got into her bed and waited for Little Red Ridinghood.

By and by she came.

She knocked at the door, —tap, tap!

“Who is there?” asked the wolf.

When Little Red Ridinghood heard the big voice of the wolf she was afraid.

Then she thought, “Poor grandmother must have a bad cold. She is very hoarse.”

So she said, “It is Little Red Ridinghood.

I have a cake and some butter for you.”

“Pull the door-string and come in,” said the wolf.

Little Red Ridinghood pulled the string.

She went in and put the cake and butter away.

Then she went up to the bed to talk with her grandmother.

“Why, grandmother,” she said,
“What great arms you have!”
“The better to hug you, my dear.”
“Grandmother, what great ears you have!”
“The better to hear you, my dear.”
“Grandmother, what great eyes you have!”
“The better to see you, my dear.”
“Grandmother, what great teeth you have!”
“The better to eat you, my dear!”
And in another moment pretty Little
Red Ridinghood was eaten.
But just then the men who were working
in the woods went by.
They saw what the wicked wolf had done
and they killed him at once.
Then what do you think happened?
Why! Little Red Ridinghood jumped out of
the wolf just as pretty as ever.
She ran home very fast saying,
“How dark it was inside of that wicked
wolf!”

ULLABY.

Now the little white sheep,
And the little black sheep,
They have all gone to sleep
In the fold.

And the little children, too,
Must do as lambs do;
They must all go to sleep
In the fold.

Nothing is black,
Nothing is white,
When the kind old night
Hides them all out of sight
In the fold.

Nothing is hungry,
Nothing is cold,
When it once goes to sleep
In the fold.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

ABOUT THE BOOK.

IT has come to be the accepted thing for School Readers to be based on the lives of great writers and selections from their works, accompanied by portraits of authors and pictures of their homes. The emphasis is being rightly placed on "literature." This much is a distinct gain. Literature and art, however, have been so intimately related through so many centuries and by so many peoples, that it is surprising that they have not been more closely related in education. To teach a child to interpret and appreciate good art is quite as desirable as to teach him to read and enjoy good literature.

"The Art-Literature Readers" represent an attempt to relate art and literature in a series of graded Readers for school use. The basis of the series is a collection of the choicest literature, the gathering of which has occupied several years of painstaking search. The effort has been to discover in the works of the best writers selections that are literary units, and which possess distinct dramatic and inspirational qualities. Selections that have not been used in innumerable readers have been given the preference. These selections are accompanied by anecdotal biographical sketches and portraits of the leading authors. It is hoped that as literary readers they will be found to possess freshness and the power to hold the child's interest.

The distinguishing feature of the series, however, is the introduction of portraits and biographical sketches of artists with reproductions of their most famous works. Beginning with Book II., the leading artists of the different "schools" are taken up, so that the child completing the series in the eighth grade will have some definite information regarding the characteristics of the various "schools" and the artists of the different nations.

Book One of the series continues the work of the Primer with but slight increase in difficulty. It includes an unusually large number of choice selections from children's literature. The pictures may be used as a basis for the study of animals as well as for the study of child life at home and in other lands. Many action lessons may be drawn from the pictures and the children encouraged to tell in their own words the stories which the pictures suggest to them. If used in this way, the book will be found to serve a threefold purpose. *First*,—It will teach the children to read thoughtfully. *Second*,—It will teach them how to express their thoughts. *Third*,—It will give them a slight acquaintance with some of the world's best paintings and an insight into a few of the elementary principles of picture composition.

Thanks are due Miss Cora B. Caverno, *Principal of the Jones School, Chicago*, for valuable criticisms and suggestions on the manuscript.

Chicago, August 15, 1904.

E. O. G.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE motive in picture study should be to lead the children to feel that a picture is a form of language,—that it speaks a certain story. They should also be led to realize that a written story or poem is a word picture or series of pictures.

To accomplish this attitude of mind in the children, activity is necessary. An excellent method is to encourage picture making by letting one of the children who has something to tell arrange his mates in positions which express his thoughts. The other children then read the thought and give it in words. They quickly discover that to preserve the thought it is necessary to write it on paper or to draw or paint it in a picture. Their minds are in the picture attitude and they are then ready to interpret the pictures they find in books, in language of their own before reading the text.

After having composed pictures of their own imagining, the children will be interested in imitating the artist's picture,—in being the persons or things represented. They very quickly decide whether or not they care to be certain persons or to act in certain ways, and they consequently develop as intelligent a basis for liking or disliking a picture as for liking or disliking something which they read.

In this way the children will learn the value of details, as they learn the value of the varying qualities of voice in speech. They will be interested in the season represented, in the time of day, in light and shade, in the use and beauty of straight and curved lines, as well as in the artist's manner of arranging the figures or objects in the picture. They will also be interested in trying to draw certain objects which they find in the picture or in modeling them in clay, or cutting or tearing them from paper, and in writing short sentences about them.

Picture study, if pursued in this way, cannot fail to build a broad and practical foundation for a more thorough study of composition and balance, of color and harmony, which will make every boy and girl a lover of the beautiful and a wise critic in the world of art.

“Picture study should be taken seriously,” says James Frederick Hopkins. “The effort is not for amusement, entertainment or decoration alone; it is an aim and a purpose, larger, broader, and more dignified than any of these. Picture study is with us, if we read the times aright, because the influence of art reproduction is a vital power in our daily life. We should be doing only half our duty by the boys and girls if we withheld from them this art life, which is in very truth their legitimate inheritance. Those who admit that gems of literature belong by right to the public school scholar will have difficulty in arguing that pictures, the world's gems of art, shall not find their place in the schoolroom.”

SPECIAL SUGGESTIONS.

Pages 6-14. The pictures in this section are particularly suggestive for original story telling. The children should be encouraged to tell the stories which they read in each picture and then to imitate them by posing if the picture pleases them.

Pages 15-25. The study of animals should be emphasized while taking up these lessons. Let the children model in clay the different animals they read about, and have them memorize one or more of the rhymes in the section. Then read to them from *Æsop's fables*.

Pages 26-34. Before reading the lessons about the French children, it would be well to tell the class something about France and about the customs of the French people. (See *French Life in Town and Country*, by Lynch.) Great pains should be taken to make the foreign life in the pictures very real to the children, or there will be lack of interest in the class. The children should costume whenever possible, even if only to fold white paper caps and collars similar to those seen in the picture on page 28. Models in clay of the big wooden shoes may also be made. "The Little Scholar" is a good picture to imitate, using the doorway as a frame. The rhyme on pages 32 and 33 may be memorized and used as an action lesson.

Pages 35-43. Encourage the children to tell their own stories about each picture in this section and lead them to notice the details, which show the season of the year and where the picture was painted, always having them tell *why* they think as they do.

Pages 44-45. Tell the children more about the life of the little English prince and show to them a reproduction of the picture of the "Children of Charles I.," painted by Van Dyck, the original of which is in the Berlin Gallery. It was from this picture that the detail of Baby Stuart, on page 45, was taken.

Pages 46-47. Tell the children something more about the habits of rabbits, and if possible let them see a live rabbit. Tell them the fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise," and allow them to model rabbits in clay.

Pages 48-51. The work on these two lessons might be supplemented by reading to the children some of the stories in *The Land of Pluck*, by Mary Mapes Dodge. Have the children name all they see in each picture and write a short sentence about each object. The titles of the pictures and the names of the artists should be reviewed frequently.

Pages 52-61. It would be well to have the children study very carefully each of the four pictures in this section and tell their own stories about them before reading the text. Lead them to notice the lights and shades as well as the details in the background, having them tell why they think the artist put them there. After they have given dramatic expression to the pictures let them tell which picture they like best and why they like it. Tell them about the boyhood days of

Sir Joshua Reynolds. (See *The Art-Literature Readers, Book II.*) One or more of the rhymes in the section should be memorized.

Pages 62-73. The lessons on sheep may be elaborated and the children be told something about the uses of wool and the process of transforming it into clothing. The poem, "Three Little Kittens" may be memorized and then acted by the children.

Show to the class reproductions of other pictures by Madame Ronner, asking them questions similar to the following: What is the title of the picture? Who painted it? What do you see first in the picture? Has the artist tried to put any sunshine in the picture? Where is it? Do you see any dark shadows? What makes them? Find all the straight lines you can. Find all the curved lines you can. Would the picture be as pretty if the lines were all straight? Would the picture be as pretty if they were all curved? Would the picture be as pretty if it were full of sunshine with no shadows? Would it be as pretty if it were full of shadows with no sunshine? Then tell the children that an artist must think about all these things when he paints a picture, as well as about the story which he wants to tell us. Talk with them about the life of Madame Ronner, until she becomes very real to them and they quickly recognize her personality in her pictures. For further information on her life see *Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century*, Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London.

Pages 74-83. Follow out the picture study as suggested in the last section and memorize some of the rhymes.

Pages 84-87. After the children have mastered the difficulties of reading the story of "Little Red Hen," they may enjoy dramatizing it. One child can be the little red hen, another the cat, another the dog, another the pig and the rest of the class the little chickens. They will need but little direction to show them how it should be played.

Pages 88-103. When the picture on page 95 is studied, read to the children "The Brook," by Tennyson, and "The Brook-Song," by James Whitcomb Riley. In connection with the study of "Robin Redbreast," on page 97, tell the class the Indian legend of "How the Robin's Breast Became Red," found in *Nature Myths and Stories*, by Flora J. Cooke, and published by A. Flanagan, Chicago. Have the children memorize several of the poems in this section and encourage them to compose simple pictures of their own to illustrate the scenes which seem to them to be of most importance. In all of this work the children should be taught that they must have a reason for everything which they do and say, and that they must always be able to tell *why*, and not blindly to do what somebody else has done or say what somebody else has said. This is the only method of training our boys and girls to be independent thinkers and workers, prepared to carry on the work of the world.

THE WORD LIST.

This word list includes all words used in the Art-Literature Readers, Book One, which have not been previously used in the Primer of the series. The key explains the symbols which are used to indicate the pronunciation of the words. It is based upon the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

å	as in <i>åte</i>	é	as in <i>hér</i>	ú	as in <i>búrn</i>
å	as in <i>pref'åce</i>	í	as in <i>ice</i>	ü	as in <i>full</i>
ă	as in <i>ådd</i>	í	as in <i>lt</i>	ú	as in <i>rude</i>
â	as in <i>åir</i>	ó	as in <i>öld</i>	ý	as in <i>ba'bý</i>
å	as in <i>åsk</i>	ó	as in <i>ö bey'</i>	oi	as in <i>oil</i>
å	as in <i>fär</i>	ö	as in <i>nöt</i>	öö	as in <i>möön</i>
æ	as in <i>all</i>	ö	as in <i>lörd</i>	öö	as in <i>göod</i>
é	as in <i>éat</i>	ü	as in <i>üse</i>	ou	as in <i>out</i>
é	as in <i>é vent'</i>	ü	as in <i>ü nite'</i>	th	as in <i>this</i>
é	as in <i>méet</i>	ú	as in <i>úp</i>	n=ng	as in <i>ink</i>
é=ä	as in <i>thère</i>	ú	as in <i>úp</i>	' for voice glide, as in <i>eaten</i> (et'ñ'n)	

Silent letters are italicized. Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured, are also italicized.

6	11	15	20
Săt'ür dăy	could (koo'd)	stō'rÿ	ön'lÿ
Sün'dăy	would (woold)	töld	lä'zÿ
Monday (mün'da)	face (fás)	hick' ö rÿ,	höpe
Tuesday (tüz'da)		dick' ö rÿ, döck	rid'dle (d'l)
Wednesday (wénz'da)		strück	lämm'le
Thursday (thürz'da)		frightened (frít'nd)	together (töö gëth'er)
Fri'day			fëet
			guëss
			quick (kwik)
7	12	16	
	clock (klök)		
irons (i'ärnz)	tick-töck	move (mööv)	
cake (kák)	ëv'ër ÿ	stööd	21
wa:k	seven (sëv'n)	tä'ble (b'l)	
drëss	bëd		I've (iv)
	wonder (wün'dér)		London (lün'dän)
	should (shööd)		Queen (kwén)
			ün'dér
8	14	18	
hëigh		fix	
hün'grÿ		jumped (jämpt)	
always (al'waz)	in'side'	hë'pened (p'nd)	22
bréak'fast	ärn	bë'gän'	
	swing	strike	
	nëv'ër		
	wheels (hwelz)		
10		19	
puss'ÿ-cat (kät)	round	thought (thät)	
pretty (prít'f)	hëar	corner (kör'nér)	
		këpt	
			self'ish
			wärm
			wënt
			män'ger (jér)
			än
			öx
			tired
			à slësep'

barked (bärkt)
any (én'y)
séa
greáet
axes (áks'éz)
tóök
cut (kút)
fall
splash

cow (kou)
nice (nís)
frésh
móö-dö
bón'ny
laughed (láf't)
tháñk

À mér'i ca (ká)
lëarn'ing
réad
write

téach'ér
hárd
words (wúrdz)
kind
séat
fór gët'
fröcks
these (théz)
ún till'
quite (kwit)

sáme
collars (kól'lérz)
books
larger (lär'jér)
éach
right
first (férst)
wéll

läte
dil'lar (lér)
dö'l'lar (lér)
tén
o'clock (ó'klök')
scholar (skol'ér)
used (úzd)
nöön

mül'bér rý bush
ëar'ly

scrub (skrüb)
fiôor
mënd
swéep
báke
chúrch

shört
háir
hät
söcks
gréen
gáme
äl'möst

brown (broun)
eyes (iz)
Ruth
please (pléz)
stáy
gráy
húrt

beetle (bé'tl)
Mr. Barber
(Mís'tér Bär'bér)

döor'stëp
leaves (lëvz)
even (é'vén)
wá'tér-pö't'

bëwl
bëst
fór gët'ten (t'n)

bröke
wished (wisht)
sö'rý
böth
chíld
bët'tér
try (tri)

blind
môre
püg
cold (kold)
müff
wöre
bells (bélz)
rib'bon (bún)

while (hwil)
mët
cane (kán)

lift'ëd
söft'ly
money (mün'ë)
mäs'tér
candy (kán'dy)

prince (príns)
called (kald)
Bá'bý Stú'art (árt)
King
ärt'ist
An'thò ný ván Dyek
(dik)
stánd
sträight

mär'rý

ears (érz)
à fräjd'
fär'mér

séa'shöre'
wäd'ing
carrying (kär'rý ing)
bäck

höld
séem
watching (wöch'ing)
löst
waves (wävz)
länd
dröps
grains (gränz)
sänd
migh'ty
pleasant (pléz'ant)

city (sí'ty)
cans (känz)
séll
ful
wáit'ing
ground
stones (stönz)
covered (kuv'ërd
kéep

pick'ing
bite
öff
tēeth
bring
hārm
pull
nōr
drive
gently (jēn'tilj)

English (in'glīsh)
strā w'bēr ry
England (in'glānd)
stēam'ēr
whole (hōl)
wēek

till
stārt'ēd
hēard
smiled
to-morrow
(tōō-mōr'rō)

because (bē kāz')
Sir Joshua Reynolds
(Sēr Jōsh'ū à Rēn'olz)

world (würld)

place (plās)

dance (dāns)

sūlk

sūch

whether (hwēth'ēr)

smāll

lovable (lōv' ā b'l)

fris'ky

lāmb'kin

busy (bīz'zī)

bēe

rōb'In

dove (dōv)

curls (kūrlz)
E'dith Lōng'fēllō w
nāugh'ty
list'en ('n)
mid'dle (d'l)
fōrē'hēad
bād
hōr'rid

ēv'ēr
bāre
sure (shur)
mō'ment

bāh
shēep
wōōl
bāg
dāme
lāne

next (nēkst)
bright
yārd
mōst
pās'tūre
stick

mit'tens (t'nz)
bē gān'
cry (kri)
mūch
fēar
ple

sil'ly
pūrr-r
āte
soiled

slīgh
hūng
smēll
close (klōs)
hūsh

Hēn'rī ētte'
Rōnn'ēr

taught
care (kār)

sick
hus band (hūz'band)
ōld
plāy'ful
māde
glāss
wīre

'mōm'bēr
hār'nessed (nēst)
'twas (twōz)
fūn
swēet
mīnd

country (kūn'trī)
visit (viz'it)
seeds (sēdz)
corn (kōrn)
enough (ē nūf')

shōw
cheese (chēz)
fine
rōom

bower (bō'ēr)
frōgs
plānts
grudge (grūj)
stā'ks
tim'ld
fūr'ry

birdie bērd'ī
pēep
wings
strōn'gēr

rise (riz)

through (thrōo)

glād
brūsh
spoiled
dewdrop (dū'drōp)
gem (jēm)
bē liēve'
stār
līe

ship
New Year (nu yēr)
whistle (hwis'l)
vi'ō lin'

strēet
daisies (da'zīz)
bouquet (bōk'kāt)
pēr hāps'
pēn'lies (nīz)

81

heärts
rōts
deeds (dēdz)
blōs soms (sūmz)
fruits
guärd
weeds (wēdz)

82

dān'dē li'on (dān)
yō'lōw
gōld
cool (kōōl)
dim'pled (d'ld)

83

lōft

84

mill
mill'ēr
grind
bāk'ēr
rolls (rōlz)
hōt
mōrn

85

scratching
(skrāch'ing)
fiēld
wheat (hwēt)
plānt'ēd
tall
ripe
thrēsh

86

bill
asked (askt)
flour
87

88

sūp'pēr
nēi'thēr
hāng
trēm'bling
pāss Ing
heads (hēdz)

90

shāk'ing
drēam'land
thēe
shēp'hērd ēss
90

crook (krōok)
dē tēr'mined
in dēed'
shād'ows (ōz)
blēed
spōts

91

92

fōod
fāir

93

tāstes
gentleman
(jēn'tl man)

94

frolicsome
(frōl'ik sūm)
brōök
āft'ēr

96

hith'ēr
fēath'ēr
wēath'ēr
mēan
crumbs (krūmz)

98

prettiest (prit'ti est)
Rēd Rid'ing hōod'
grānd'mother
(mūth'ēr)
būt'tēr
mēt
wolf (wūlf)

100

course (kōrs)
knocked (nōkt)
tāp
spēak

101

dōor-string
voīce (vois)
hōarse

102

hūg
wick'ēd
kllled
dārk

103

lūl'ā by (bl)
fōld
nothing (nūth'ing)
sight

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